

**"BE SURE YOU ARE RIGHT AND THEN GO AHEAD."**—DAVEY CROCKET

NO. 44.

## The Force of Imagination

Late one evening, a couple of Irishmen stopped in a country inn and asked for lodgings. The porter escorted them to the door of their room; but just as the travelers entered the candle was extinguished by the wind from the door and closed behind them. The porter too hastily returned to the bar-room, and was vainly groping on the mantelpiece for a couple of matches the travelers resolved to go to bed in the dark. In the midst of the night one of them awoke, and, not making his comrade to arouse him, said:—

"Terrence, I'm as wake as a gaccot and kitten for the want of air. Get up and open the window. The room is as close as a patent coffin, and I'll die if I can't give me air!"

Terrence arose, groped around the room for a few moments, and then said:—

"I've found the window, but bad luck to me if I can budge it. I can't move it up or down."

"Then knock a couple of panes out of your shoe," and we'll pay for them in the morning," said the sick man.

Terrence did as directed. After a few dashes were heard by the man in bed, he managed to recover, for he remarked:—

"Oh, that fresh air is invigorating! I feel better already. Out wid a couple of more panes. Glass is chape, and the landlord won't be angry when we're wakin' to pay for them."

Terrence's shout brought soon shattered the few remaining panes, and the window recovered his exhausting strength. From that time thereafter, that in ten minutes more he was enjoying his slumbers, undisturbed by the snores of his companion, and he also expressed himself refreshed by the current of fresh air admitted through the broken glass.

Considerable time elapsed, and, with the travelers arose. For this

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"Surely it must be near morning for you don't feel abit sleepy," said Terrence.

"Morning!" echoed the other. "I'm mortal, but it appears to me that perpetual night in this part of the world."

In a few moments more they heard knock at the door and the travelers asked that was wanted.

"It's twelve o'clock!" answered the porter, opening the door and entering with a candle in his hand. A man was going to get up at all!

"Only twelve o'clock!" exclaimed Terrence. "Why, I thought it must be late five.—What day's mean by rushing us in the middle of the night? I'm people in these parts get up at midnight!"

"No, but they get up at breakfast time."

"Why didn't you wait until breakfast time before ye disturbed us?"

"Because it's hours after breakfast time—in fact it's just dinner time!"

"Get out, or I'll throw my brogue overboard.—What a barofaced liar ye must be! It's dinner time before it's daylight, the candle in yer hand makes a liar of ye!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" and the porter chuckled with the exuberance of delight. "Wonder ye thinks it isn't daylight, there's no window in this room to let the light."

"Thin what did I brake last night?" Terrence asked, looking around in astonishment. His eyes were set alight on the bookcase, the glass doors of which presented a dilapidated appearance. "Be the powers, Jerry!" he shouted, addressing his comrade. "I thought I was smashin' the windy, I'll breakin' the glass in the book case at it ud ye a power in good, Jerry, and said that ye felt the fresh air revive!"

LOSING HIS PIG.—There is a miser in a pool who was considered impragmatic of variable associations, until a Hibernian's came Paddy over him.

Teddy went to his office one morning, told a piteous story about losing his pig and he had.

"Share," said Teddy, "Misthress—namin' a very excellent lady, (whose husband Old Harlast was anxious to reward me to come to ye, for ye got money and give a power iv money to the poor and bless ye! I only want to raise one to buy me another little slip iv a pig." The miser could resist the influence of money, so he gave Teddy a crown in five days after he met him.

"Well, Teddy," said he, "did you another pig."

"Troth I did, and a fine one it is."

"Then take better care of it than you the other. What did the pig you lost do?"

"Die of it!" said Teddy, raising eyebrows, he didn't die, he was fat enough to split him."











# POETICAL.



## I HAVE NO WIFE.

I have no wife—young girls are fair,  
But how it is I cannot tell,  
No sooner are they wed, than their  
Fragrant cheeks are all in dew.  
The girls God bless them, make us yearn  
To risk all odds and take a wife,  
To cling to one, and not to turn  
Ten thousand in the danger of life.

I have no wife—who'd have this nose  
Forever tied to one lone flower,  
Even though that flower should be a rose,  
Picked with light hands from a fairy bower.  
Ah, better far the bright bouquet,  
Of flowers of every clime and hue,  
By turns to charm the mind away,  
And fragrance in the heart renew.

I have no wife—I now can change  
From grave to gay, from light to sad,  
And in my freedom wide can range  
Free for awhile and then be glad.  
I now can heed a squire's tongue,  
And know that eyes glance not in pain—  
Make love again, and being "dun,"  
Get up and try my luck again!

I have no wife—and I can dream  
Of girls who're worth their weight in gold,  
Can gaze my heart in love's broad beam,  
And dopes to think it yet unsold;  
Or I can gaze upon a brow,  
Which mind and beauty both enhance,  
Go to the shrine and make my vow,  
And thank the fates I have a chance!

## All is not Gold that Glitters.

"Susie, dear!"  
"Well, Burt, what now?" was the petulant answer.  
"I don't want to seem to cross, Susie; but I don't think it is proper for that Captain Walters to come to see you so often," and Burt Andrews gave Susie a half reproachful, half pleading look. Susie was angered immediately, as her words showed.

"Indeed, Mr. Andrews, and pray who gave you a right to dictate to me? I don't think you have a right to command my actions, if we are engaged. You had better wait until we are married before you begin to play the tyrant!"

"Susie?"  
"Oh! I don't care; you are a tyrant, and you know it. Just because that handsome Captain Walters ventures to call once or twice a week, you get indignant at once."

"But Susie dear," remonstrated Burt, "just think a moment. What do you know about Captain Walters any more than he tells himself? He comes to the hotel, takes lodgings, dresses fine, wears expensive jewelry, and that's all. Re member, Susie, 'All is not gold that glitters.'"

"Oh! it's just like you, Mr. Andrews," angrily replied Susie, her eyes flashing, "to run a person down because more favored than you."

"Very well, then, Miss Dove," said Burt, touched to the quick by this insinuation; for every one knew that Burt Andrews could not boast of handsome looks, "since you prefer this Captain to me, we had better part at once."

"I'm agreed," said Susie, shortly, "there was a pain at her heart that belied her word; 'there's your ring,' and taking her engagement ring from her finger she threw it on the ground at his feet."

He picked it up, and tossed it into the brook close by, and walked out of the garden gate just as Captain Walters, the cause of the trouble, walked up the lane.

Susie was in no humor to receive Capt. Walters just then; in fact, she felt just like having a "good cry," but she would not let Burt think she cared; so holding out her hand to Capt. Walters, she bade him "good evening."

"Just as I thought," muttered Burt to himself, as he looked back and saw her actions. "Well, she's not worth thinking about, I'll forget her." This was easier said than done as he soon found out.

"Ah! Miss Dove," said Captain Walters, "give me the pleasure of again speaking to you! It's really quite refreshing to catch a glimpse of your sweet face."

This gross flattery was somewhat displeasing to Susie, but she answered gaily, notwithstanding.

"You should not say such words, Captain Walters; you know you don't mean it."

"Oh! yes I do, 'pon honor. Do you know Miss Dove," he continued, sinking his voice, "I've been thinking that if I could only gain a wife to take back to my home in Philadelphia, I would be supremely happy. Do you understand me?"

Susie hung her head, blushed, and stammered out a negative reply.  
"Susie, I love you. Will you be my wife?" he exclaimed, sinking on his knees before her.

Susie drew a contrast between his conduct and Burt Andrews, who, when he proposed, stood up like a man, and strange to say, rather unfavorable to Burt.

"Yes," she stammered.

"But opposition flung the flame of love in most cases, and so it did now. Susie began to look on the Captain and herself as persecuted lovers, and met him day after day near the brook, for she dared not bring him in the house, because her father had plainly declared he would order him out of the house if he came."

"There's no good in these 'cuffed' chaps, Susie," he said—"puppies that don't know a harrow from a plough, and look down on us country folks;" and he would shake his head wisely, and set his lips together with a determined look.

Altogether, take it all in all, Susie was in a bad way.  
"Just look here," exclaimed Farmer Dove, excitedly, as he was reading the Banner, about three days afterwards, "if this don't beat all!"

"What's the matter, Caleb?" asked his wife, anxiously.  
"Just listen a minute," and Farmer Dove read aloud.

"BOLD BURGLARY.—Last night, about 11 o'clock, the residence of our respected townsman, Mr. Thomas Jones was broken into and robbed of money and goods to the value of two thousand dollars. Mr. Jones had drawn fifteen hundred dollars from the bank that day, to pay for some land he had purchased, and the thieves probably had information of the fact. Mr. Jones and his wife were gagged and bound, while the villains ransacked the house. The robbers are still at large."

"Now what do you think of that wife?" asked Mr. Dove.  
"That's the third robbery within the month, and nobody caught yet. I'm going to Mr. Jones to see Mr. Jones, and putting on his straw hat, he strode forth, while Susie crept out to meet Captain Walters."

She found him seemingly in a state of great excitement.  
"Susie," he said, "I have received letters from Philadelphia that I am wanted home immediately. I must go tomorrow. Won't you come with me, and get married, so that I can take you home, too? My mother writes that she will be delighted to see you."

"I could not dare do it," answered Susie, trembling.  
"Then you do not love me. Come, dearest, what's the good of waiting?"

At that instant a startling interruption occurred. Two men bounded forward and seized the honorable Captain by the collar, while a third slipped a pair of handcuffs on his delicate wrists!

"H—! and furies!" cried the Captain, struggling fiercely. "Let go of me this instant!"  
"Of course we will," said one of the men mockingly.

"Oh, no, you don't, my dear boy; you don't slip out of our clutches now, if you are called 'Slippery Jack.'"

Susie at first thought these were highwaymen, but as she saw they did not make any attempt to rob him, she gained courage, and asked:

"Is he not Captain Walters?"  
"Well, my dear," answered the policeman, "he may be called that for all I know, because he's had so many aliases that I don't believe he knows his own name; but he's generally called 'Slippery Jack,' and he's as big a scoundrel as there is unthung."

Susie grew faint—staggered and fell into the arms of Burt Andrews.  
The policeman dragged their prisoner away, and Susie fell on Burt's breast, sobbing as if her heart would break.

"Oh, Burt, to think that I cast you love away from me for such a man as that! Can you never forgive me?"

Burt kissed her fondly for a reply.  
Farmer Dove looked very stern when the facts were told him, but at last relented.

"Well, child," he said at last, "you have learned a lesson you needed, at any rate—that all that glitters is not pure gold."

**Marrying Blindfold.**  
The facility with which numbers of respectable women are duped into matrimony by rascally adventurers is marvelous. An agreeable exterior, a knack of small talk and a little dexterity in the art of flattery, seem to be all that is necessary to procure an unsuspecting second an unlimited number of wives. The other day a man was arrested for bigamy in a western city, at the suit of his sixth spouse. He had made by his half dozen connugal speculations the neat little sum of twelve thousand dollars. Of course one feels for the victims; but if women of respectability will wed unknown vagabonds after short acquaintances, people of common sense and common prudence cannot help mingling a little contempt with their commiseration. In a matter of such vital importance to her happiness as marriage, no woman ought at least to exercise as much judgment and discretion as in purchasing a dress pattern; and yet had any one of the six wives referred to looked half as closely into the antecedents of her suitor as we will warrant she did into the quality and style of her wedding farfiebells, she had been saved the mortification of her anomalous position and the loss of her cash. Beware, ye impulsive maidens and widows, of larcenous lovers whose tender protestations are prompted not by tenderness.

The tale bearer and the tale bearer should be handed up both together—the former by the tongue, the latter by the ear.

# The Power of Religion.

There is no duty, no study, no pleasure, no society, no attachment, from which the principles and sentiments of true religion should be excluded. Our religious labors, public or private, official, professional, or laudatory; our studies in every department; all innocent, genial, and wholesome pursuits, tempered by reason; all our attachments and affections to family, friends, and country, will be the better, the purer, and the happier for the presence and the influence of true and happy piety. They do not know a right the mind of the heart of the man who would trust to either, apart from the influence of religion. They know not what the Christian religion is, who imagine that it comes into mind or heart to quench any noble aspiration, any patriotic devotion, any great and tender family or friendly affection. It comes to quicken, to deepen, to elevate them all—to give new life to everything within us that is worthy of living. As, therefore, there is no real and sound religion which is not illustrated by brotherly love and Christian fellowship, so let us also remember that there is no pure safe, or happy fellowship, which does not rest or move on Christian principle, that there may be true fellowship with God, and with his Son, Jesus Christ. The work of his grace is not to discharge or extract, but to renew and sanctify the humanity that is within us, and to restore us to that image of God in which, as men, were created. While we are in this world, we must work, and feel, and live as men. But the Christian knows and feels that, of religion—or rather of him whom religion teaches us to love and trust—it is the peculiar office to hallow and purify all the best of what is human by the presence and power of what is divine. If we thus pass on through the course of our pilgrimages, trusting, working, loving, in such fellowship as this, we may be enabled to say—

"So shall no part of day or night  
From servitude be free,  
And all my work, at every step,  
Be fellowship with Thee,  
Lord Ardennan, of Scotland."

**THE WEALTH OF THE BIBLE.**—The inexhaustible wealth of the Bible is strikingly presented in the following paragraph:

"It is the book of law, to show the right and wrong. It is the book of wisdom that makes the foolish wise. It is the book of truth, which detects all human errors. It is the book of life, which shows how to avoid everlasting death. It contains the most authentic and entertaining history ever published. It is a perfect book of divinity. It is a book of biography. It is a book of travels. It is a book of voyages. It is the best covenant ever made, the best ever written. It is the young man's best companion. It is the schoolboy's best instructor. It is the learned man's masterpiece. It is the ignorant man's dictionary. It promises an eternal reward to the faithful and believing."

As a reverend doctor once passed through a region of very poor land, he said to a farmer:

"Sir, I see your land is not very productive."  
"No, sir," said the honest farmer, "our land is just like self-righteousness."  
"Ah, how is that?"  
"Why, the more a man has of it, the poorer he is."

"Here, you Mr. Italy Organ Grinder, can you play One Hundred, with variations, a la Thayer?"  
"Vat you call 'em—I plays very smooth everything, by tam. I give you hundrade by gar."

Grinds out Champagne Charley with an emphasis, and sends the bit of female saffron to collect the stamps.

A John Bull, conversing with an Indian, asked him if he knew the sun never sets on the Queen's dominions. "No," said the Indian. "Do you know the reason why?" asked John. "Because God is afraid to trust an Englishman in the dark," was the savage reply.

There are in the city of Philadelphia about one thousand two hundred and fifty printing offices, employing about one thousand two hundred men and three hundred boys. There are eleven daily newspapers, thirty-two weekly and twenty-two semi-weekly and monthly—sixty-five papers in all.

Gen. R. E. Lee has been tendered the position of Supervisor of the Knickerbocker Life Insurance Company for the South, with a salary of \$10,000 per annum.

Gov. Scott, of South Carolina, has gone North, in the interest of the Blue Ridge Railroad, which is the missing link in a continuous line from Charleston to Cincinnati.

The Missouri Legislature stands: Senate, Republicans 25, Democrats 9; House, Republicans 84, Democrats 57, doubtful 7.

The Minnesota Legislature stands as follows: Senate, 17 Republicans and five Democrats; House, 80 Republicans and eight Democrats.

"Captain, me jewel," said a son of Erin, as a ship was coming on the coast in inclement weather, "haven't ye an allman on board?" "No, I haven't." "Then be jabsers, we shall have to take the weather as it comes."

He that does not know those things which are of use and necessary for him to know, is but an ignorant man, whatever he knows besides.

The proudest triumph in a man's life is when he makes a friend of an enemy. The joy is then able to what angels feel as they rejoice over a sinner that repenteth.

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Leaves for Cherryville the same days at 1 p. m.  
Asheville Mail—arrives Mondays and Fridays at 6 p. m.  
Leaves for Asheville, Tuesdays and Saturdays at 6 a. m.  
Greenville Mail—arrives Saturdays at 7 p. m.  
Leaves Thursdays at 6 a. m.  
Columbus Mail—arrives Tuesdays at 7 p. m.  
Leaves Mondays at 1 p. m.  
Morganton Mail—arrives Saturdays at 7 p. m.  
Leaves Fridays at 6 a. m.  
County Mail—arrives Thursdays at 12 m.  
Leaves Mondays at 1 p. m.  
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LIGIER & BROTHERS.  
(A. A. A.) 31

**DRIED FRUIT.**  
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Fruit should be gathered before they are entirely ripe, because ripe fruit will dry dark color and will not bring so high a price. The great object is to have the fruit when dried of a bright color. Peeled peaches should be in ten or fifteen pieces. Unsweetened peaches should only be halved and dried a bright color. If any are quartered keep them separate, for they will not bring so high a price if they are mixed.  
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The journals thus crowded into circulation by offering them at less than their real value, are not varied in their contents, nor produced at anything like the cost of THE TRIBUNE. They are political mere y or mainly, while our columns are more generally filled with Foreign Correspondence, Farming Intelligence, Literature, &c., &c.

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